

The Missionary Helper.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE

FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

MOTTO: *Faith and Works Win.*

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No. 8.

*"It lies around us like a cloud—
A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.*

*"Its gentle breezes fan our cheek;
Amid our worldly cares
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers."*

So wrote that large-hearted, divinely inspired woman, Harriet Beecher Stowe, in the opening stanzas of "The Other World." Even then her soul was so attuned to heavenly harmonies that she could sing:

*"'Tis easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be!"*

She did, in truth, step across the threshold as calmly as she believed it would be possible, and to-day she knows the "joy" that is "reality," unmindful of the "suffering" that was "dream."

Looking at the small, slight body and gentle, unpretentious life, it hardly seemed possible that this woman could brave bitter antagonism or make the world ring with her praises. But her heart was touched with pity, thoughts burned in her brain, her pen struck white fire, and lo, a wonder-working book was born! After reading "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Lord Carlisle wrote, "I return my deep and solemn thanks to Almighty God who has led and enabled you to write such a book." The following estimate of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as an influence upon the history of the time is from an editorial in the *Portland (Me.) Transcript*:

"The part that Mrs. Stowe's greatest book played in lifting a race from degradation and slavery is recalled by the passing of its author to the new life. Her powerful pen awakened the conscience of the North to the enormity of slaveholding, and opened the way to the emancipation proclamation of Lincoln. Translated into the various languages of the civilized world, it helped form abroad a sentiment for liberty and humanity that gave support to the fight for the Union, and in England particularly averted open aid to the nation's enemies. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' came straight from a noble heart as a divine message to the heart of humanity, and was the most potent single force in bringing about the great reform."

WORKING NOTES.—It seems fitting that Mrs. Smith, our long-time, faithful, and honored worker in the India field, should appear as the central figure in the series of sketches of "Our Missionaries." The article was written by one who is associated with her in work at Balasore. The portrait brings us face to face with her, in spite of dividing seas; the Mission House is where she and her husband spent happy years, and Sinclair Orphanage is where she lives and labors to-day. The personal letter—for which we are indebted to Mrs. Webber of Maine—discloses the two sides of the woman, the practical executive and the deeply spiritual, both of which her closest friends know and rely on. . . . While some home workers are enjoying vacation days in America, we glimpse what vacation (or sometimes the lack of it) is in India through letters from the field. . . . Mrs. Burkholder and "Dr. Mary" went to the Hills the last of April. The article "Up the Himalayas" gives a graphic description of a journey to Darjeeling, where our weary workers sometimes go. We wish that such uplift and cool and quiet might refresh them more frequently, instead of being taken as an absolute necessity and last resort. Those who are interested may find an illustration, in McClure's Magazine for July, of a curious loop in the Darjeeling railway, also pictures of a jungle, and different styles of Indian architecture. . . . Mr. Stiles writes from Midnapore, "The HELPER is indeed a helper. I wish that all the ladies took it and read it to their husbands. We should then have a great deal more intelligent interest in the mission work." We welcome his first instalment of "Lesson Incidents in My Life in India," and expect more from time to time, especially as he once informed us that he could think of "yards" of incidents. . . . It is a great pleasure to receive an article from "Mother Phillips," which will soon be given to HELPER readers. She writes for the cheer of home workers, "Our good sisters are doing a noble work for India, and I thank God that they do not incur a debt in order to enlarge the work, much as enlargement is needed. May God greatly bless every effort put forth in his name for the salvation of this benighted people." . . . The Young People's Union of Rhode Island has become wholly responsible for the salary of Miss Beebee Phillips, kindergarten missionary at Balasore, and is planning the work with enthusiasm. Stationery bearing her portrait is a novel method of keeping their special work constantly in the mind of correspondents. . . . We hope that many of our young people had the privilege of attending the great Convention at Washington, and that they will return from Marion with deeper and wider interest in helping carry on the various forms of work to which our several pledges bind us—but only in freedom and gladness. . . . It is stimulating to hear of the wide-awake efforts of the children's secretary for Bowdoin Conference, Miss Sadie Potter. Others are awakening to the importance of this department, and good results must follow. . . . Attention is called to the emergency list in Treasurer's Notes, also to the reminder concerning the "last quarter."

"MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND."

[Extracts from private letters from Mrs. Smith.]

BALASORE, ORISSA, INDIA.

It is nearly eleven o'clock and all the people connected with the Orphanage—between forty and fifty—are in bed. We have had a hard evening. . . . What should we do if we could not pray? There are times when it seems as if every breath must be a prayer. My fear often is, that in our great need we forget the many things God gives us, and so fail of the blessing we might have if with thanksgiving we made our requests known unto him. . . . My writing-table is in my bedroom, with pen, ink, and paper at hand. In this way I catch a few moments now and then for writing. I have a very large correspondence, most of it in connection with the children. I can't do it and write much for the papers, and I think that personal letters please people. I like to get them.

Evening again. I have been very busy all day. In the morning, when school was in session, I had to send men to have the lightning rod on the chapel reset. It was broken, and the telegraph master told me it was dangerous. I got all the information I could from him, and he very kindly sent one of his men who understood the business to weld the rod and reset it, but it took five other men to help him! You see we have not the strength of a Hercules in the men we find here. Perhaps you think it is not the business of a woman to look after these things. Well, we have only one man here, and he can't do everything. Besides, I have had the care of our chapel for many years most of the time, and I have precious dust sleeping in its yard.

I have had to do many kinds of work in India that might not be called "woman's work" by those who claim to belong to the conservative class, but I have found it good to obey the injunction, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

This evening a poor little girl was brought by her recently widowed mother to put in the Orphanage. The mother herself is very ill, hardly able to crawl out of her house. I was astonished when she told me the child was eight years old. "O," said the mother, "it is because she has not had enough to eat that makes her look so small." Poor children, never to have been above want. How many there are in this world. It is a comfort to me to give this child enough to eat, but what of the many, many, starving ones that I cannot feed? My heart aches for them. Just now we are passing through rather heavy trials, but I do not despair. If God be for us, we are strong in his strength, and I trust him to bring us out of all our afflictions. It will soon be Ocean Park time again. I remember my two seasons there with great pleasure. I hope you will have a pleasant, restful time. Good-night, my dear friend.

DORCAS F. SMITH.

OUR MISSIONARIES.

IV.

MRS. D. F. SMITH.

BY A MISSIONARY.



MRS. DORCAS FOLSOM SMITH was born in Williamstown, Vt., July 20, 1827. Her parents were puritanic in principle. Her mother was a Congregationalist; a quiet, gentle woman, but wise and judicious in the management of her family and household. Her father was a Free Baptist minister, but more progressive in his principles than most of our ministers of his day. Among her earliest recollections are her father's prayers for the slaveholder and the slave, the missionaries and the heathen. She dates her first desires to become

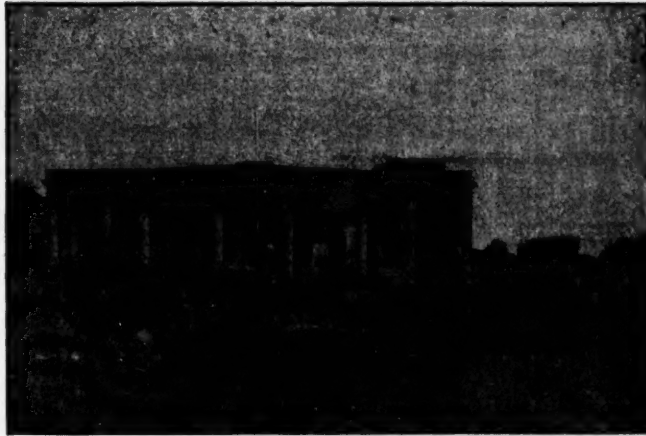
a missionary from those prayers, coupled with the reading of the life of Harriet Newell. These desires remained unvoiced, but they were abiding, and as she grew older she longed for opportunities to prepare herself for the work of a missionary.

She was one of five children, and her father pastor of a country parish, so there was small chance of anything beyond the district school. She tried to make the most of that, but all her life she has felt crippled because of the lack of a good education. When she was sixteen years old she heard her father remark to a lady parishioner that he did not suppose he was rearing children to be missionaries, but that it would be a source of joy to him could he influence anyone among those for whom he labored to become one. She wondered then, and still wonders, why it was not given him to understand the heart of his child more clearly.

When old enough to earn her own way in the world she left home for longer or shorter intervals, dividing her time between work and school, the uppermost thought being to prepare herself to be a missionary. Her one great desire was at length satisfied. In January, 1852, the year she was to graduate from the High School in Manchester, N. H., she was married to Rev. Benjamin Burleigh Smith, an accepted missionary of our board, and the following August set sail for India, arriving in Calcutta Dec. 31 of the same year.

The first years of her life in Balasore she found very trying. Had she been able, and felt at liberty, to do so, her homesickness would perhaps have taken her home. After a time, however, this feeling passed away. She was supposed to be associated with Miss Crawford, of blessed memory, in the Balasore Girls' Orphanage, but as she looks back over the years she sees that Miss Crawford did the work, while *her* time was largely absorbed in caring for her husband and son.

In 1858 Miss Crawford went to America, and the Orphanage was left to her. From this date she regards herself a



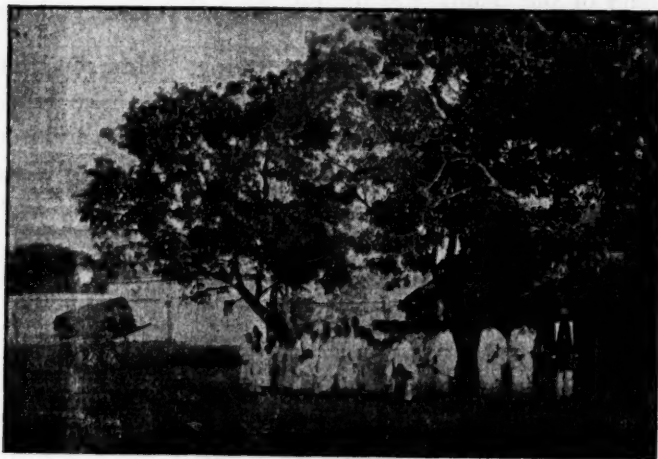
MISSION HOUSE, BALASORE, BUILT BY REV. B. B. SMITH

See page 270.

missionary in fact, as well as in name. In 1862 Mr. Smith's illness made it necessary for them to go home. The civil war was in progress, and they were kept at home six years. Of these years Mrs. Smith spent two in assisting her husband in a high school of which he had charge, two years in Strafford, N. H., where Mr. Smith had a pastorate, and one in teaching a village school. In 1868 she set out with her husband on their return to India, leaving an only child at home. From this time till July of 1877 she found no lack of work for both heart and hands. A boys' school, zenanas, the care of a Christian community, and often the sickness of her husband, until in 1872 he passed from labor to reward, left her no idle moments. After her husband's death the question arose, Should she remain at her post or go home to her boy? The decision was to remain, but in 1877 the message came that he was dangerously ill, and mother love took her home with all possible haste! In 1880, when her son was well, and grown

to manhood, the question again arose, Should she return to India? She decided as before that her working days belonged to India, and she came.

In 1882 the death of Miss Crawford left a vacancy in the Orphanage, and after a few months of temporary occupancy by another, Mrs. Smith was assigned the post so long and so faithfully filled by her friend. The Orphanage was then



SINCLAIR GIRLS' ORPHANAGE.

located at Jellasure, a place that had become thoroughly infested with malarial fever. After remaining there two years, during which time twenty-two persons in the school and village fell victims to the fever, and the entire *personnel* of the school had become saturated with malaria, the Orphanage

was removed to Balasore, where, through the good offices of its superintendent and the generosity of Rev. J. Sinclair, it found a most desirable home in what has now been known for years as Sinclair Orphanage.

In 1891 she again went home, but, returning, resumed her post in the Orphanage in January, '93. Here Mrs. Smith has been untiring in her efforts to build up not only a thoroughly good school for our native Christian girls, but to build up strong, pure characters in the girls themselves.

The lack of a thorough education in her youth, which has caused her lifelong regret, she has largely made up to herself and her work by constant and extensive reading. Especially is she fond of history, and I think I may say more especially of Indian history. Within a few years past she has taken the four years' course of readings prescribed by the C. L. S. C., and gained her diploma. The teachers in her school will always have reason to thank her for her persistence in keeping them studying, and hence growing, year after year. She has done a work for female education in Orissa of which leading native gentlemen have repeatedly expressed hearty appreciation. Her position as referee and general adviser of the native Christian community is second to none, and she has held the post of chairman of the church committee with honor and ability. As a business woman she has shown herself far-seeing, clear-headed, and loyal to

the interests of the mission, when loyalty demanded personal sacrifice. Although the years have made sad inroads upon her health and strength, she stands steadily at her post, facing the last year of her threescore and ten with noble work behind her, and courage, zeal, and determination for the duties that still remain.

Balasore, India.

NOTE.—We are indebted to the author of "In the Path of Light" for the cuts of Mission House and Orphanage.—ED.

A PERSONAL TRIBUTE TO MRS. SMITH.

BY A HOME WORKER.

I BEGAN to know Mrs. Dorcas F. Smith, as a friend, sixteen years ago, which was during the last days of my mother's long illness. Mrs. Smith watched by her bedside, and took a tender interest in our family sorrow. Since then she has been friend and counselor. Should I undertake to say all that is in my heart to say about her, it would sound like flattery.

At the time to which I have referred, she was not a missionary of the Woman's Society, but the making her one is not only a very interesting chapter in its history, but in Mrs. Smith's, as well. I shall never forget the sudden illumination, nor where I had it, which led me to ask our Board to accept her as a missionary. That it was an illumination, the service she has rendered us fully proves, for without Mrs. Smith we should have no Orphanage to-day.

This leads me to speak of her predominant traits of character—positive conviction, great executive force, and a *hold on* which never dreams of failure. She would agree with me that such people do not always seem sweet to those who differ from them, but, if the Christian graces are in the heart, sooner or later both sides harmonize and love reigns.

Our workers, in general, can never know how much of her very self Mrs. Smith has put into our India mission. This means she is one of the best friends that it has ever known. These are strong words, but in justice to her I want to say them while she is alive. The last time I saw her, and probably the last time I shall ever see her in this world, she was on the steamer *Pavonia*, ready to sail on her fourth voyage to India. A large number of friends were on the wharf, and she stood on deck with Miss Hattie Phillips, and her cousin, Miss Folsom. She watched us as long as she could bear the sight, and then stole away to the cabin.

Should she never come back to America, we know it will be her own choice to be buried in her dear India beside her husband.

Let us make the remainder of her life sweet by loving messages to her in her far away home, where she is working now as hard as many a younger

woman—messages of which we will require of her no other answer than a letter, in the MISSIONARY HELPER, addressed to us all, at least once a year, telling of her work and of herself.

LESSON INCIDENTS OF MY LIFE IN INDIA.

BY REV. E. B. STILES.

I.

THE POWER OF THE ENDLESS LIFE.

Well do I remember my first trip to Jellalore, and the feeling of reverent awe that filled my heart when I stood by the little brick monument that marks the last earthly resting-place of Lavina Crawford. It seemed to me that I could hear the command, "Take off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

The marble slab on the side of the monument records the term of her service, and says that on such a date she died. This does not tell all the truth, for I find signs almost daily that, she being dead, yet speaketh in the lives of those that she loved with love like a mother's, and who from her learned to love Jesus and to live for him. Find the best wives and mothers, and the best workers in our mission, and in many cases you have found some of Miss Crawford's girls; i. e., those that were brought up by her in her orphanage.

One Sunday when we were at Bhimpore a woman came to church with her five children. She sent her oldest boy to the desk with a little package that contained sixteen two-anna bits, worth then about seventy-five cents. It was a thank-offering in addition to what she was doing month by month for the support of the church. In the course of a conversation that I had with her afterwards I learned that the sixteen coins represented sixteen blessings or answered prayers. In other words, it was her custom to record her blessings by laying aside a piece of silver money. The sixteenth coin came in this way. One day her cow got lost, and, after using all possible means for finding her, she had to give it up. Then she told the Lord about it, and told him that she expected him to bring the cow back. On the very next day she came back, and with glad heart the good woman made the offering to show her gratitude because God had heard her prayer.

I believe that these acts of hers are the result of the lessons of simple trust and gratitude that she learned from the lips and life of Miss Crawford. The good never die, but their influence spreads in ever widening circles from the lives of those who are better because they lived. Read the life of this missionary heroine, and it will be easier for you to do right, and harder for you to do wrong, and thus will the circle of her influence widen to include you.

Midnapore, India.

NOT IN VAIN WE HEARKEN.

BY MARY ANGELLA EVERETT.

The sea serene swells sweeping up
 To wash the sandy shore,
 Then slips a little while away
 To rush again once more.

The water's strange, recurrent sounds
 Upon my heart have wrought,
 Until in converse, friend with friend,
 Old ocean is forgot—

Till silence falls. I sadly muse
 "No more the tide will tell,"
 When sounds again from out the sea
 That strong and solemn swell.

Thus though at times waves seem to cease—
 Our listening incomplete—
 The surf still surging sings its song
 With never ceasing beat.

Sometimes we're unaware God's love
 Flows down to us below;
 Yet not in vain we hearken for
 Its heavenly ebb and flow.

Ocean Park.

UP THE HIMALAYAS.

WE wind in and out, around and about, up and down, and as our snake-twisting train passes the white board that marks 7000 feet above the sea level, the puffing little machine at the front, which has fought bravely and can claim a noble victory, sends forth a shout of triumph. Sweeping around a sudden curve, we see the hundreds of white houses of Darjeeling perched upon the side of the Himalayas, as if they had been dumped from the floating sheets of clouds above, and, lifted far over tier after tier of moving sky vapors, which hide from view over 20,000 feet of the range, the sunlit, snow-covered Kinchinjunga stands forth like the pearl-white palace of the King of kings in the heaven of heavens.

Words seem quite inadequate to describe the stupendous magnificence of the view as we entered Darjeeling, which signifies "up in the clouds." It is located at the end of a long wooded spur of Sinchul, a mountain about 9000 feet high, and from the peak near my hotel the eye sweeps over a perfect amphitheater, resting in turn upon the snow summits of Janu, 25,600 feet above Calcutta; Kabur, 24,000; Pandim, 22,000; Chomiamo, 24,000; and then a succession of

unnamed mountains, which lead on to Donkhia, 26,000, and, towering above all of them, whose irregular snow roofs can alone be seen, is the Kinchinjunga, which is more than 28,000 feet in height.

In the valleys of these mountains which stretch in a chain of over 200 miles in extent, are unbroken successions of snow fields and glaciers, and in the center of the whole range rises the hoary monarch just spoken of, whose dazzling crown is lifted more than five miles over the plain of Bengal.

In the early morning I was disappointed to find Kinchinjunga buried under a thick mass of cloud, but my disappointment lasted only for a short time. As the rising sun gathered strength arrows of light pierced the vapory night robes of the sleeping giant; a glow of glory rested upon the snows, changing into mingled gold, ruby, and purple, and as the king of day kissed the white-turbaned peaks good morning, a brief smile spread from summit to summit, and leaping down the stairway of snow, the early morning light spread a veil of gold upon the dewy lap of the valleys.

To see Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world, is the supreme desire of every one who visits Darjeeling, and in order to have this pleasure one must take an early morning ride to Tiger Hill, a distance of eight miles, and frequently after taking the ride, the desired object is not attained.

Accompanied by two gentlemen and one lady, I took the trip about day-break, and we all agreed that this delightful ride up the Himalayas (which means in Sanskrit "halls of snow") amply repaid us for the inconvenience of rising so early on a cold morning, although we might not see the king of mountains. Our path at times led about the mountain ranges, with only a few feet between the perpendicular granite walls and the gorges of thousands of feet in depth; but our sure-footed little ponies, with the exception of one slight accident, did their work well, and in due time we were standing on Tiger Hill, 2000 feet above Darjeeling.

A deep mist enveloped us, and after straining our eyes in vain to get a glimpse of the part of our globe that reaches nearest to the skies, we were about to descend, when our lady companion, whose intuitions are worthy of her superior sex, insisted upon a delay, declaring that there would be a break in the misty clouds, and we would be rewarded shortly. Of course she was right, and of course we were wise in following the lady's advice.

Far out and up in the direction where our guide said Mount Everest was located, a brightness appeared, then a patch of blue, and as speechlessly we watched for the appearance, the pure dome of Mount Everest, 29,000 feet above the sea, stood against the deep blue sky, unsupported apparently by any base; and a moment afterwards it was wrapped again in the clouds. The picture is as impossible to forget as it is impossible to paint —*Boston Advertiser*.

A SIGNIFICANT ILLUSTRATION.

[Mrs. Ramsey of California, who gave the talk referred to, is the daughter-in-law of Mrs. V. G. Ramsey of New Hampshire. The illustration quoted below is both suggestive and picturesque for a missionary meeting.—EDITOR.]

MRS. RAMSAY closed her talk, "A Sketch from History," with an illustration showing how the nations of the world stand with regard to Christ to-day. The members belonging to each faith were explained by proportionate lengths of ribbon. The statistics used were those published by the London Missionary Society in 1890, and it is understood that, while they cannot be absolutely correct, they are approximately so. The ribbons used were of satin, an inch wide, and the scale of measurement was 5,000,000 of people to an inch in length.

First, a tiny bit of green not two inches long represented the Jews, who number 8,000,000.

Second in length, a pink one, not quite eighteen inches long. This told the numbers of the Greek church, 89,000,000.

Third, a pale blue ribbon, twenty-eight inches long, represented the 140,000,000 Protestants.

Fourth, a yellow one represented the Roman Catholics, 205,000,000, by forty-one inches in length.

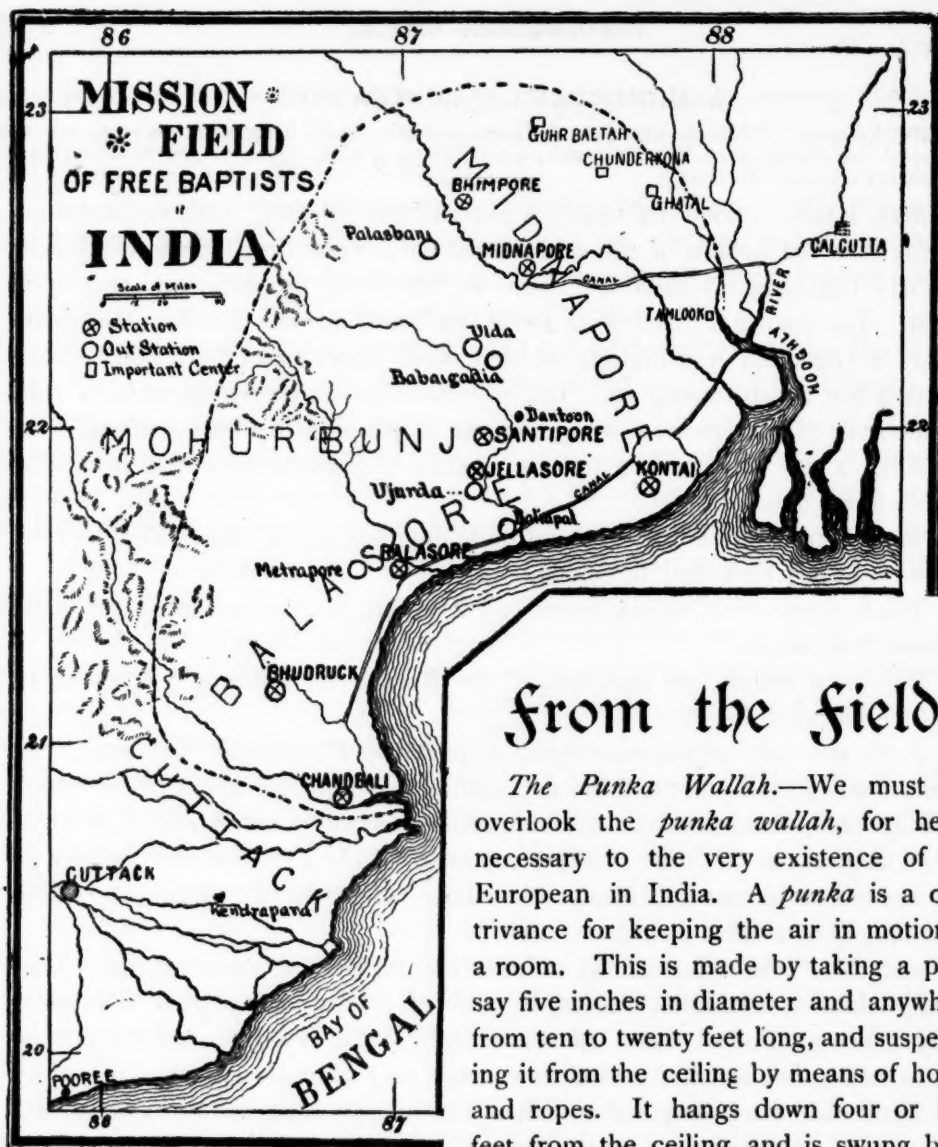
Fifth, the only organized religion opposed to Christianity that was represented, was a scarlet ribbon, thirty-five inches in length, for the 175,000,000 of the followers of Mohammed. And on this was sewed a white ribbon, fourteen inches long, to tell the story of the 70,000,000 Moslem women, shut in harems, who never can be reached except by women missionaries. All these ribbons were hung from a small rod.

For those who reject Christ, or know nothing of him, there are Jews, Moslems, Buddhists, Brahmins, the triple faith of China, and pagans, numbering 1,053,000,000. For all these outside the fold of the Good Shepherd there was a black ribbon two hundred and eleven inches long, almost six yards.

Upon this black length was pinned a bit of pale blue, two-fifths of an inch long, to represent the 2,000,000 of converts from heathendom during the century from 1796 to 1896.

It was a simple object lesson, but no one could look at that long black ribbon unmoved. It is described here with the hope that others may find the suggestion helpful for missionary meetings and use it. Let the black ribbon show our failure and selfishness, but do not let it discourage any one. We know the heathen shall be given to Christ for his inheritance.

"DON'T forget that the aim of all religious teaching and learning is the conversion of sinners and the salvation of souls."



From the field.

The Punka Wallah.—We must not overlook the *punka wallah*, for he is necessary to the very existence of the European in India. A *punka* is a contrivance for keeping the air in motion in a room. This is made by taking a pole, say five inches in diameter and anywhere from ten to twenty feet long, and suspending it from the ceiling by means of hooks and ropes. It hangs down four or five feet from the ceiling, and is swung back and fourth by means of a man pulling a

rope which is attached to it. This man is the *punka wallah*. . . . When the wind gets in the south, the temperature of the atmosphere rapidly changes, so that by April we must close our doors by nine o'clock, and sometimes earlier, to keep out the outside wind, which feels at times like the air from an oven. You may fancy yourself shut up in a room where the thermometer will be from 90 to 100 degrees, and not the slightest motion in the air. . . . We dress thinly, and yet if we get out of a room where the *punka* is, in a very few moments the perspiration will begin to ooze from every pore in the skin.—Rev. Z. F. Griffin, in "India."

A VACATION IN INDIA.

[Letter from Rev. M. J. Coldren, Chandbali.]

SATHBYA, INDIA, May 7.

DEAR HELPER:

This month of May, the hot month of the year, is the time we have chosen for a few days' vacation and rest. Brother and Sister Wyman have joined us, and we have come out to this place on the seashore. It is a new, clean little bungalow, with one room beside bathroom, cookroom, and gardener's room. We have inclosed the veranda with *taties*, and made an extra sleeping-room for the Wymans. Another part of the veranda is inclosed for a dining-room, for we have to eat, even though we are on vacation. In fact, the good women seem to be putting forth special efforts in the culinary department.

Last evening a "nor' wester" came up just before dinner, and blew down the *taties* which inclosed the dining-room. One of them caught me as it came round, and sent me rolling and tumbling head first into a pile of bamboos, and, going on round against the side of the house, jammed Mrs. Coldren against the wall. Simultaneously there was a terrible smashing of dishes, the wind sweeping the table to the floor. The same blast extinguished the light, and for a few minutes there was great consternation of mind and an unsettled feeling as to what would happen next. However, it passed over in an hour, with no loss of life or limb, and we were able to have our dinner—but not in the dining room.

This bungalow is about forty miles from Chandbali in direct line, but the way we came, by river and creek, it is much farther. It was a most delightful and romantic journey. Our party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Wyman, little Arthur, Mrs. Coldren and myself, two goats, four kids, thirteen boatmen and other native Christians. At 2 o'clock we went on board the *Indiana* and the *Edna*, crossed over the river, and awaited the arrival of the steam launch which was to tow us eighteen miles up the large river against the wind. When the steamer came along, they threw us a rope, but, as is usual, the men failed to catch it, and we, having let loose from the bank, were driven by the wind to the opposite side of the river. The steamer had to turn round and come back to us. We reached the place on the river where we were to leave the steamer at 8 P. M., waited for tide until 2 A. M., then started down, reaching a natural canal through the primeval forest. At 8 A. M. we entered this little channel, just wide enough to let the boat pass through. For four hours we passed along this waterway, lined on both sides with dense forest, the habitation of the Bengal tiger and other wild game. I saw a large python crawling through the jungle. He must have been fourteen feet long.

That evening we reached the seashore. About five miles from the bungalow

there is a channel running parallel with the sea and about forty rods from it. At this place water is salt, yet between the sea and this salt creek there are several springs of sweet water.

Two miles from this place we went over to the *Peshwa*, a large iron steamer that went ashore there a few years ago. The captain had lost his course and ran her ashore. They are now breaking her up and taking the iron to Calcutta. It seemed such a loss to see this magnificent vessel, once a floating palace, now a useless wreck. The officer on watch, when he found he had run the ship ashore, jumped overboard and was lost. No other lives were lost.

Leaving home on Wednesday we reached here Friday noon, and have been enjoying the delightful sea-breezes for over a week. It is so restful to feel that you can throw off responsibility, partially, for a while, and spend the day in reading and resting.

Strange to say, I have just read, for the first time, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and looking at it in the light of the nation's history, which has been made since the book was written, it is certainly a most wonderful book—almost prophetic. These days give us an excellent opportunity to complete our Chautauqua course of reading. We have found all of the books full of interest.

All success to the HELPER. Yours in Him.

M. J. COLDREN.

CONTRASTS.

[Extracts from a private letter from Miss Coombs.]

MIDNAPORE, April 27, 1896.

SPEAKING of Ocean Park recalls all the pleasant days of last summer, and the bouquets I used to get from Portland; and the contrast with the pitiful, burned, browned, and crisp place we did call a garden here is sharp, and almost enough to make the tears come. We have given up trying to keep anything alive in it, for it means too much hard work to bring water from so far as we have to now during this drouth. Last summer Mrs. Orr gave me a little fir pillow, which I keep at the head of my bed, and sometimes its delicious odor just makes me close my eyes and bury my face in it and see all the dear ones that were at the Park, and I hear the whispering of the pines and the breaking of the waves, and forget for a bit the heat, the dirt, the sin, the cholera, the drouth, the hard, hard hearts, and live over again those helpful days of last summer.

Dr. Mary has been down with fever, but is now picking up again. She has been planning to go to the hills for a vacation this summer, and now we shall hurry her off as soon as possible. Mrs. Boyer sails for home to-day. She is a dear woman. . . .

We are in the midst of our hot season, and it is excessively hot this year. It

is not quite so unbearable these last few days, but we are having a water famine which with the heat makes the condition of things rather trying to the nerves. I found myself saying to-day, "O the pitiless, pitiless sun!" but I know it is God's sun, and he can give us rain when he pleases, so I do not dare to complain, but I do pity these poor people who have to hunt for water here and there as they hear of some well that yet has a little water in it. We have a very excellent friend in the jail superintendent here, who has given us permission to get a garrie load of water from the jail every day.

Our teachers go every day to their work, in spite of heat and drouth and cholera, and I go with them as often as I can, which is several times a week.

LAVINA C. COOMBS.

TREASURER'S NOTES AND EMERGENCY LIST.

SINCE writing the July notes I have attended the N. H. Yearly Meeting. The Y. M. W. M. S. annual meeting was one of the best I have ever attended in New Hampshire. The apportionment of \$1600 has been met, and the women begin a new year with a hopeful outlook.

It is very encouraging to see the young women coming to the front, not only in New Hampshire but in other states. They should be encouraged everywhere to assume responsibilities. The thank-offerings will be, I think, about the same in amount as last year, only more widely distributed. As I move about I catch some of the influences of this service. The spiritual uplifting it brings is one of the most marked, and spiritual awakening and uplifting is what we need more than all else, for full treasuries are the natural effect of such a cause.

I have to remind our workers, one and all, that the *last* quarter of our financial year closes with Aug. 31, and this is the only opportunity I have of referring to it in the columns of the HELPER before that time. The receipts this year to June 1, as compared with the same time last year, vary but little. Our appropriations this year were made on the basis of no margins over last year's receipts. So every dollar which we can get will be needed by Aug. 31. The "emergencies," as you will notice, are coming in *well*, but we cannot draw on them before another financial year. Last quarter closed at the very last moment without debt, emphasizing that we can have "day by day our daily bread." I look for this at the close of the present quarter with the usual margin that is needed for the first quarter of another year.

If this happens auxiliaries should collect and send all yearly dues; auxiliaries and individuals all pledges for support of teachers and children which are due by Aug. 31, and state officers should see that salaries of missionaries, and other state pledges, are provided for.

We hope to have a very attractive annual meeting this fall, of which notice will be given later, and we want to rejoice and sing praises for the way we have been led for twenty-three years.

We give below the list of "emergency women," so called, though the name should be changed because of the men volunteers, whom we gladly welcome. If there are any mistakes in names or address, the treasurer—Miss L. A. De-Meritte, Dover, N. H.—should be notified :

Mrs. Lillian Phelps Ingham, 3140 5th Ave., S., Minneapolis, Minn. ; Mrs. Ruth Keith, 1402 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. ; Mrs. Jennie Schnell, Apalachin, N. Y. ; Mrs. A. A. McKenney, Nashville Center, Minn. ; Mrs. Hattie Gordon, Campbell Hill, Ill. ; Mrs. J. J. Murphy, Firth, Neb. ; Mrs. Sarah Thayer, Mendon, Ill. ; Mrs. M. J. Reeves, Smithfield, Neb. ; Miss Hattie Deering, Portland, Me. ; Mrs. Emily D. Jordan, Limerick, Me. ; Mrs. Nellie Wade Whitcomb, Dover, Me. ; Mrs. Lou M. P. Durgin, Winnebago City, Minn. ; Miss Laura A. DeMeritte, Dover, N. H. ; Miss Alice M. Dudley, 1518 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. ; Mrs. Mary E. Wood, Bath, Me. ; Mrs. Charles A. Milliken, 57 Western Ave., Augusta, Me. ; Miss Nellie B. Jordan, Alfred, Me. ; Mrs. R. W. Wiley, M.D., Laconia, N. H. ; Mrs. M. M. Brewster, North Danville, N. H. ; Mrs. Harriet Wyatt Anthony, 336 College St., Lewiston, Me. ; Mrs. C. W. Talpey, Farmington, N. H. ; Mrs. Ellen D. Orr, 9 Lewis St., Portland, Me. ; Miss S. A. Perkins, N. E. Conservatory of Music, Boston, Mass. ; Mrs. Lura B. Lightner, Harper's Ferry, West Va. ; Mrs. M. S. Waterman, 15 Charles St., St. Johnsbury, Vt. ; Mrs. C. W. Hardy, Jr., Box 107, Twin Mountain, N. H. ; Mrs. A. M. Metcalf, Carolina, R. I. ; Mrs. L. M. Davis, 16 Pleasant St., Augusta, Me. ; Miss Coralie Franklin, 8th St. Ex., N. W., Washington, D. C. ; Mrs. L. W. Brackett, Harper's Ferry, W. Va. ; Miss Mary Brackett, Harper's Ferry, W. Va. ; Miss Lou Haynes, 8 So. 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa. ; Mrs. Susan A. Porter, 85 Central St., Peabody, Mass. ; Mrs. Emeline B. Cheney, Pawtuxet, R. I. ; Miss Nellie Merrick, Box 600, Somersworth, N. H. ; Mrs. C. L. Bradbury, 26 George St., Providence, R. I. ; Miss Ellen A. Cole, Lakeport, N. H. ; Mrs. M. H. Leavens, Mansion House, Brooklyn, N. Y. ; Mrs. J. C. Warren, Keeneyville, Pa. ; Mrs. A. P. Davis, New Market, N. H. ; Mrs. L. M. Caswell, New Market, N. H. ; Mrs. Geo. F. Clough, So. Berwick, Me. ; Mrs. John N. Spencer, So. Berwick, Me. ; Mrs. M. M. H. Hills, Dover, N. H. ; Mrs. E. W. Cummings, So. Berwick, Me. ; Mrs. J. F. Boothby, Lewiston, Me. ; Mrs. A. M. Pendleton, Norwich, N. Y. ; Mrs. Julia A. Reed, Onsted, Mich. ; Rev. J. E. Gosline, Adamsville, R. I. ; Mrs. J. E. Gosline, Adamsville, R. I. ; Mrs. A. S. MacKnight, Adamsville, R. I. ; Mrs. P. J. Gray, Adamsville, R. I. ; Rev. E. G. Wesley, 161 Sixth St., Providence, R. I. ; Rev. Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Briggs, Blackstone, Mass. ; Rev. J. B. Davis,

Arlington, R. I.; Mr. L. B. Green, Auburn, R. I.; Rev. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Roberts, Pawtucket, R. I.; Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Paull, Centerdale, R. I.; Mrs. L. K. Phillips, Auburn, R. I.; Mr. Jacob Swarts, 22 Hawthorne St., Providence, R. I.; Mr. E. P. Metcalf, Providence, R. I.; Rev. E. G. Eastman, Georgiaville, R. I.; Mr. and Mrs. Albert Millman, Box 43, Blackstone, Mass.; Mrs. F. M. Rendall, Auburn, R. I.; Mrs. Lizzie Almy, Tiverton Four Corners, R. I.; Mrs. S. A. Blaisdell, 35 Westfield St., Providence, R. I.; Miss Clara M. Law, 820 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.; Miss Clara F. Trumbull, 12 Prospect St., Pawtucket, R. I.; Miss M. Jennie Baker, Harper's Ferry, W. Va.; Miss Ella C. Hurd, Mercy Home, Manchester, N. H.; Mrs. Jennie Greenleaf, North Berwick, Me.; Mrs. M. L. Tinkham, Carolina, R. I.; Miss Mary Ella Rowe, Pembroke, N. H.; Mrs. Amy A. Farwell, 236 Academy Ave., Providence, R. I.

These are the enrolments to June 22, and still there is room for many more. We should be glad to enroll women and men alike on the emergency list. If any would like to know the conditions, write Miss DeMeritte, and she will send a letter of explanations.

TREASURER.

Dover, N. H.

A STATEMENT BY THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

THE readers of the HELPER will remember that much has been said in its columns about the "Old Jail property," which the missionaries sent out by the Woman's Missionary Society were trying to secure from the English government for the use of our mission. The correspondence between government and the chairman of our advisory committee in India extended over about a year's time, and at last government consented on certain conditions to let us have the property. When the petition was first sent to government for the "Old Jail," our missionaries were unanimous in thinking it a most desirable acquisition. But as weeks and months went by, giving them time to consider the matter more carefully, doubts entered the minds of some members of the advisory committee regarding the feasibility of the project, and many objections began to be offered by those who at first favored the scheme. While much correspondence was carried on between the home board and the advisory committee in India concerning the matter, the final decision was necessarily left with our missionaries, and when the vote was taken a majority voted against accepting the property; giving, as the principal reason for so doing, that, "with our present number of workers it would be too big an undertaking to put it in usable condition; and to superintend so large a property, and the different interests or departments of work to be carried on there, would add heavy burdens to those already working beyond their strength."

S. C. G. AVERY.

Alton, N. H.

MORNING PRAYERS IN THE GANGES.

FOUR A. M. we were awakened by Miss Lazarus's ayah saying, "The gari is ready." As quickly as possible we were on our way to the holy Ganges. As we neared the bathing ghat, the morning rosy light was still lingering on the still waters, and the green meadows beyond. Nature was worshiping in the beauty and silence of the early dawn. A nearer approach disclosed the worshipers in the river. Men and women, with snowy heads and trembling forms, calling on — what or whom? Little girls closed their sparkling eyes, and folded their tiny hands, and stood still for a moment. Whole "shoals" of amphibious boys tried to, and were off at their fun again; sleek priests, comfortably seated in their little booths extending over the water, mumbled something to somebody. Zenana women here and there, ordinary people of every caste, swelled the line of those who had come to morning prayers. Quite apart from the crowd stood a beautiful young woman, her dripping chudder fell lightly across a brow broad and fair, her face was one of great loveliness. With hands clasped just above the water, which covered her shoulders, she stood pleading — was it with God? A holy presence seemed to enshroud her, moment after moment our gaze was riveted on this lovely woman in her youthful beauty praying in the Ganges—type of hundreds in this land of idolaters. How we longed to know if into the Infinite ear her desires had entered and her prayer would be answered. The sun mounting higher and higher warned us. Our little boat hurried on, and the woman was praying on, until we could see her no more, and still the question came, "Is there no soul response to such pleading?"

As we turned, a burning ghat, the Hindu crematory of Benares, was on the bank beside us, one funeral pile was blazing brightly, at a little distance men were building another with large logs. Midway lay a corpse, a man in the prime of life stretched on a rude bier. A little farther the coal gleaners were preparing the "remains," coal and human, for market. Up on the banks towered the residence of the low-caste man, who like his forefathers had sold fire to light the funeral piles, until he has become immensely wealthy. We lifted up our eyes, and temple after temple, one above another rose above us, the Golden temple among the rest. One glance more at the service in the Ganges—praying, bathing, washing clothes, swimming, shouting, and lighting funeral piles all at the same time—and we were walking through them; here pen and pencil fail, we were seized with an overwhelming desire to drop these temples and worshipers right into the Parliament of Religions in Chicago, as object lessons of Oriental faiths, the crowning features of which are filth, falsehood, and fakirs, "holy men" too disgusting to describe, the "holy well," whose floral offerings have rendered the water so poisonous the poor pilgrims frequently die with cholera

after taking it. Idols everywhere crowd the aisles, the booths, stalls, and open courts, from the weak old cow adorned with flowers to the sacred bull, a notch higher than the pompous priests who seemed to labor in perfect harmony with them in extorting the last pice from the weary souls who are searching for life and peace. Well may they leave the temples and the Ganges with the lines of sorrow and care deepened, and what hope does Ganga offer them of a bright forever? and how does she illumine a darker river than the Ganges? What thanks are meet for the blessings that come from the Christian "hour of prayer"?—*The White Ribbon for Asia.*

THERE is an Indian legend of a king who resolved to build the most beautiful palace ever erected on this earth. To this end he employed Jakoob, the builder, giving him a great sum of money and sending him away among the Himalayas, there to erect the wonderful palace. When Jakoob came to the place he found the people there suffering from a sore famine, and many of them dying. He took the king's money and all of his own and provided food for the starving multitude, thereby saving many lives. By and by the king came to see his palace, but found nothing done toward it. He sent for Jakoob, and learned why he had not obeyed his command. He was very angry, and cast him into prison, saying that on the morrow he must die. That night the king had a dream. He was taken to heaven, and there saw a wonderful palace—more wonderful than any he had ever beheld on earth. He asked what palace it was, and was told that it was built by Jakoob, the builder. In spending the king's money for the relief of suffering ones on the earth he had reared this palace inside the gates of heaven. The king awoke, and, sending for the builder, told him his dream, and pardoned him.—*Selected.*

ONE may imagine a musical instrument left in some old castle, deserted during political revolutions, standing warped and cracked with heat and dampness—unstrung, untuned, and voiceless. But at length the owner returns, and the tuner is summoned to put the instrument in order. He lifts the cover, and the dust rolls back in clouds. "Ah!" he says, "it is a noble instrument, by the grandest of makers." He strikes a chord—a hideous discord, rather—which drives all hearers from the place. And now as he begins to screw and turn, to bring up each key to its proper pitch, what wailings and screechings fill the room! People would say, "That a musical instrument?" But the tuner says, "Wait, all will be right in time." And when the long work is completed, and he sits down to draw forth from those strings some melody, or one of Beethoven's majestic harmonies, children and servants flock to listen in amazement and wonder. Thus it is with us in the world. O be patient while God is tuning you! Now the wailing and the discord, by and by the full and perfect harmony.—*H.W.Beecher.*

Helps for Monthly Meetings.

SEPTEMBER.—OUR BALASORE, INDIA, STATION.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM.

1. Singing, "Faith and Love Our Hearts Should Fill."

Faith and love our hearts should fill;
And our meek petition be,
In submission to his will,
"Here am I, Lord, send thou me."

Gird the armor and go forth;
To your work success be given;
Wide the field—as wide as earth;
The harvest, souls! the garner, heaven!

Where there burns a heathen pyre,
Where men bow to wood and stone,
There—your lips baptized with fire—
Cry, "The Lord is God alone!"

2. The promises of God; each member repeat one.

3. Prayer for the work at Balasore, for each missionary there, and for the people, that they may be brought to Christ in larger numbers and with staying power.

6. Locate Balasore on the India map. Have a sand-map of the station if possible. At all events, use the diagram in the July HELPER.

7. The principal mission buildings at Balasore; mention their appearance, purpose, and occupants (see July HELPER).

8. Brief sketches of the missionaries stationed there, and their special work. (See "Our Foreign Missionaries," April HELPER, page 101).

9. History of the "Orphanage," paper; for its beginning, see "Life of Lavina Crawford."

10. Sketch of Mrs. Smith.

11. Reading, letter from Mrs. Smith.

12. Reading, extracts from "A Balasore Village School." (July HELPER.)

13. Climate, fruits, flowers. (F. B. Encyclopædia and July HELPER.)

14. Some characteristics of the natives which make work among them especially difficult. (See "India," by Rev. Z. F. Griffin.)

15. Prayer for a special outpouring of the Spirit at Balasore *now*.

For further reference: May, '95, HELPER, p. 147; January, '96, p. 4; "Missionary Reminiscences," "In the Path of Light."

"PRAYER is the pulse of the renewed soul; and the constancy of its beat is the test and measure of the spiritual life."

FRESH AIR FOR A DAY.

THEY came from the noisome alleys and squalid tenements along a mile of misery edging South Clark street ; and when they had been gathered under the early morning sky, and marshaled in ragged, straggling files up to the Polk Street railway station and into the long line of cars waiting to take them out for a holiday in the country, they numbered almost a thousand.

The Salvation Army officers were in command ; but their ten companies made up as strange an army as has ever been seen since the piper of Hamelin marched before his host. For they were little white-faced and destitute children, who had never seen a river running clear as crystal over its shining pebbles, or the sky bending like a dome of sapphire over their heads, and down to touch the green and level land.

The good women planned the trip to Momence a month ago, and not an invitation was declined.

How they swarmed out of the yellow coaches and went over to possess the land that borders the Kankakee. The land, indeed ! They had not been there five minutes before they were dabbling their pave-worn and grimy little feet in the water ; and in an hour there wasn't a wild flower ungathered or allowed to blush unseen for two miles around. For the first time in their starved and wretched lives they knew what it was to be "knee-deep in June."

Ten minutes before train time the officers in charge of the excursionists called the roll, and found 200 missing. Searching parties were unable to find them. Sharp whistles from the waiting engine brought no answer from the usually noisy throats. Finally a deserter ran crying into the excited camp :

"Dey're out dere, under de bridge," he yelled. "Dey's goin' to stay an' be farmers !"

And, sure enough, behind the low abutments, and under the shadow of the bridge, were 100 children, while deep in the field of clover another 100 children lay hidden.

They wept and struggled desperately at being taken out, and pleaded with their captors to leave them where they were.

"I don't want to go back," cried a tall girl of ten or thereabouts, pitifully. "I can be good here. O, I can be good here. Let me stay."

"What can you do, child ; where would you stay ?" asked the captain kindly, and the girl went reluctantly toward the train.

Another, with an old face, pinched and eerie-looking, under her tangle of hair, said sententiously :

"Ye'd better let her stayed ! She'd jes' starve here, an' in town she'll hev ter get so many wollopins' first."

The tall girl heard her and turned around.

"Yes," she said, as if the argument was unanswerable. "An' I'd like to die when I feel so—so sorto' clean."

God pity her—and pity us all !—*Grace Duffie Boylan, in the Chicago Journal.*

Practical Christian Living.

Practical Christian living should illuminate parlor and kitchen, purify politics, open the pocket-book, and save the world.

CONSECRATION.

It may not be on the mountain height,
Or over the stormy sea ;
It may not be at the battle's front
My Lord will have need of me ;
But if by a still small voice he calls
To paths that I do not know,
I'll answer, " Dear Lord, with my hand in thine,
I'll go where you want me to go."

REFRAIN.—I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,
Over mountain, or plain, or sea ;
I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord,
I'll be what you want me to be.

Perhaps to-day there are loving words
Which Jesus would have me speak—
There may be now in the paths of sin
Some wand'rer whom I should seek.
O Saviour, if thou wilt be my guide,
Though dark and rugged the way,
My voice shall echo thy message sweet,
I'll say what you want me to say.

There is surely somewhere a lowly place,
In earth's harvest fields so wide—
Where I may labor through life's short day
For Jesus the crucified ;
So, trusting my all to thy tender care,
And knowing thou lovest me,
I'll do thy will with a heart sincere—
I'll be what you want me to be.

Air—Carrie E. Rounsefell.

—Mary Brown.

The refrain of this inspiring song has long been precious to Endeavorers. Few know the verses, or that there is a tune as tender and sweet as the words. The composer longed to go "over mountain and plain and sea," to carry "the message sweet" to those who sat in heathen darkness. But God willed otherwise, and, in answer to her prayer that he would help her to send some one in her place, the notes and chords which were to sing this consecration hymn into

a myriad of hearts began to arrange themselves in her mind. It is joy to tell that to-day her substitute is at work in a far away land, supported by the sale of these little leaflets of song and music at five cents apiece. Mrs. Rounsefell, 18 Blodgett Street, Manchester, N. H., will furnish you with any number of copies. If you can get orders for twenty at five cents each, she will send them to you for eighty cents, and you can put the twenty cents profit into your own foreign mission band fund. Besides—what only heaven will show—if you get some one to sing these words, they may be God's instrument in winning others to go where he wants them to go.—*The Children's Missionary.*

THE RED CROSS.

WHEN Florence Nightingale went to the Crimean War in 1853, with three hundred women nurses, and proved that civil service was absolutely necessary if those wounded in war were to be properly cared for, and proved also that much of the suffering attendant upon war is preventable, the real Red Cross work began. But it was not until after a Swiss named Henri Dunant, horror-stricken at the condition of the wounded on the battlefield of Solferino in 1859, wrote a book pleading for relief, that a conference was held in Geneva, and a treaty was prepared and signed by sixteen leading nations.

The sanitary commission in our late war did a grand service to the country, but there was no accepted code, so that supplies for the sick and wounded were not adequately protected, and no previously trained workers were available.

In 1869 Miss Clara Barton, worn out with work for our soldiers, went abroad to rest. While in Switzerland she heard of the Geneva treaty, and determined to do her utmost to have the United States join the international order. When the Franco Prussian war came on Miss Barton learned what the Red Cross really meant. She says, "No record of needless inhumanity or cruelty to sick or wounded stands in the annals of that war. I walked its hospitals day and night. I served in its camps, and I marched with its men, and I know whereof I speak."

Again she said in a recent address: "The treaty has brought the war-making powers to know each other. Four times it has called the heads of these great nations to meet, through appointed delegates, and to confer upon national neutrality and relief in war. It has created and established one common sign for all military medical relief the world over, and made all under that sign safe and sacred. It has established one military hospital flag for all nations. It has given the people the recognized right to reach and succor their wounded on the field. It has rendered impossible any inefficiency of supplies, either medical or nutritive, for wounded or prisoners which human sympathy and power can reach. It has given the best inventions known to science for the proper handling of muti-

lated persons, whether soldiers or civilians. The most approved portable hospitals in the world are those of the Red Cross. It has frowned upon all old-time modes of cruelty in destructive warfare; poisoned and explosive bullets are no longer popular. Antiseptic dressings and electric light on battle-fields are established facts, and the ambulance and stretcher-bearers move in the rear ranks of every army. These isolated facts are only the mountain peaks which I point out to you. The great Alpine range of humanity and activity below cannot be shown in fifteen minutes."

Miss Barton did her utmost to induce Congress to join the Red Cross League, but the treaty involving this was not finally adopted and signed by the President until March, 1882. She had suggested that to adapt the Red Cross to our needs in this country a change should be made in the articles of agreement, and this has since been known as the "American Amendment," which adds service during such calamities as fire, flood, famine, pestilence, and earthquakes, and includes war on the sea. Twelve great national calamities have been relieved by the Red Cross in this country: the Michigan fires, the Ohio and Mississippi floods, the Mississippi cyclone, the floods of 1864, yellow fever in Florida, an epidemic in Virginia, the Texas drouth, the Charleston earthquake, the Mount Vernon, Ill., cyclone, the terrible disaster at Johnstown, Pa., the tidal waves of the Sea Islands off South Carolina, besides ministrations to the famine sufferers of Russia.

The vital idea of the Red Cross is not charity, but friendliness and helpfulness. It is a privilege to do for those in trouble; the Red Cross workers are neighbors in the good Samaritan sense; human brotherhood is their creed, and nothing else than the true law of love as given by Jesus Christ is their animating principle.

Forty nations are now pledged to hold all the materials and stores of the Red Cross and its followers neutral in war, and free to go and come as their duties require.

Miss Barton said in an address before the Women's Council: "Women have taken their full share in the work. Empresses and queens, as well as emperors and kings, lead these societies and its relief work in war, and while each queenly wife stands with her Red Cross hand on the epauletted shoulder of her war-meditating husband he will consider well before he declares war. This has been the case, and will be again, and in the great millennial day when peace has conquered war and its standard floats out from the shining battlements the Red Cross and its workers will be in the van."

God speed our Florence Nightingale on her great mission to the martyr nation of Armenia!—*Union Signal*.

Words from Home Workers.

SOUTH DAKOTA.—The South Dakota W. M. S. met at Valley Springs June 13, with a fair delegation present. The reports from the three auxiliaries were good, although our apportionment has not been entirely met. The annual report of the Valley Springs Mission Band was excellent. Under the able management of Mrs. R. A. Coates the membership has increased to 67, and they have raised \$30.11. On the first day of May they sold 112 May baskets containing lunch. The children made the baskets themselves, under the direction of Mrs. Coates, from shoe-boxes covered with tissue paper of whatever color each child might choose. They made a beautiful display when finished, and were sold full of the lunch for ten cents apiece, thus realizing \$11.20. The children have bought Bibles and singing books for use in their meetings, and have taken a share in Miss Barnes's salary. At present they are making a quilt for Harper's Ferry. An interesting public meeting was held Saturday evening, the topic being "Medical Missions." Collection \$2.20.

ROSINA H. PALMER.

NEW YORK AND PENNSYLVANIA.—The N. Y. and Pa. Y. M. met with the Gaines church in Tioga Co., Pa., June 12. The session was a very precious one from first to last, because of the presence and power of God in the meetings. The mission interest ran high. Saturday morning home missions received attention. Earnest words were spoken, and all the pastors present stood and pledged to take up monthly mission collections. The Gaines church is alive to both home missions and foreign missions. A short time ago they took a home mission collection of over \$18. Saturday evening I talked on "The Life of a Hindu Woman," and Sunday afternoon I spoke to the children, at the Children's Day exercises. Mission collection, \$26.50, Children's Day collection, \$7. The mission band of the Gaines church is called the "Earnest Workers." The members brought in money on Children's Day, in their little barrels, to the amount of \$5.36; and some of the little ones forgot their barrels, so more will be brought in. God bless the children. How much might be done for Jesus if all the generous-hearted children could be set to work. A letter was read Saturday evening from Miss Scott; and also one from Besu, the zenana teacher supported by the W. M. S. of the Tioga Q. M. Having their own worker in India has increased the interest in missions in this Q. M.

LIBBIE C. GRIFFIN.

MINNESOTA.—*Westford.* Mrs. McKenney organized an auxiliary here last fall with 5 members. We have increased the number to 11. We have paid \$10 toward our new church building, \$6 for Storer College, \$4 for state work, \$2.50 for the Armenians, \$5 (birthday box) for Miss Barnes's salary. At our thank-offering service we took \$14.30, which, with a church membership of only 24, I

consider remarkable. Of this thank-offering I send \$10 to Miss DeMeritte to be used where most needed. I also send \$2.75 for foreign work.

MRS. J. W. MIRACLE, *Treas.*

KANSAS.—The Woman's Missionary Society of the Cloud and Republic Quarterly Meeting met at the Buffalo Valley church May 30, with the president in the chair. Meeting opened by singing, "Stand Up for Jesus." Scripture reading, Isa. 55. Prayer by Mrs. Clayton. A program of songs, recitations, and essays was listened to and appreciated by all. On account of rain there were not so many present as at former occasions. Collection of \$1, to be applied to the \$50 apportionment. Closed by singing "When the Roll Is Called up Yonder."

ATHA ASHLEY, *Sec.*

MAINE.—*East Hebron.* The amount that we found in the thank-offering envelopes at our service, which was held May 17, was \$6.50. The pastor gave the regular morning service time to the sisters, and the people seemed much interested in the program carried out—very nearly the one given in the HELPER. One dear sister, who was very much interested in all good work, went from us a few months ago. But she, being dead, yet speaketh. Her husband found in an old purse of hers fifty cents, which he put in, saying that if she could speak she would wish it to go there.

MRS. M. L. BRADEEN.

The primary department of Pine St. S. S., Lewiston, had an interesting mission concert on Children's day, June 14. They had previously been supplied with little envelopes in which to save pennies toward a share in Miss Barnes's salary; these with the collection from the audience amounted to \$3.82, which they will soon increase to the needed \$4. After prayer by the pastor and an anthem by the church choir, the children marched in from the rear, with white flags over the left shoulder, in two lines, passing each other in front of the altar, where they dropped their "offerings" into the box in passing; then out, and after a second march were seated. A "greeting" followed, then the exercise, "What Shall Be Done with the Little Ones?" (illustrated) by five boys; singing by the children; exercise, "Jesus Loves the Children," by four girls; singing by the children; recitation, page 138, May, '96, HELPER, by a young lady; "Greenland," as an "echo" by choir in the distance; recitation, "Two Cents a Week"; exercise, "Feed My Lambs," by eleven girls; brief sketches of Miss Barnes and Sinclair Orphanage; "A Short Sermon on Giving," by a boy; collection; "Good-by," by a little girl. The church choir and the "Æolian Quartet" of gentlemen rendered several appropriate selections during the evening, which afforded the audience much pleasure, and, with the remarks by the pastor, the beautiful floral decorations and singing birds, helped to make this Children's Day concert a success.

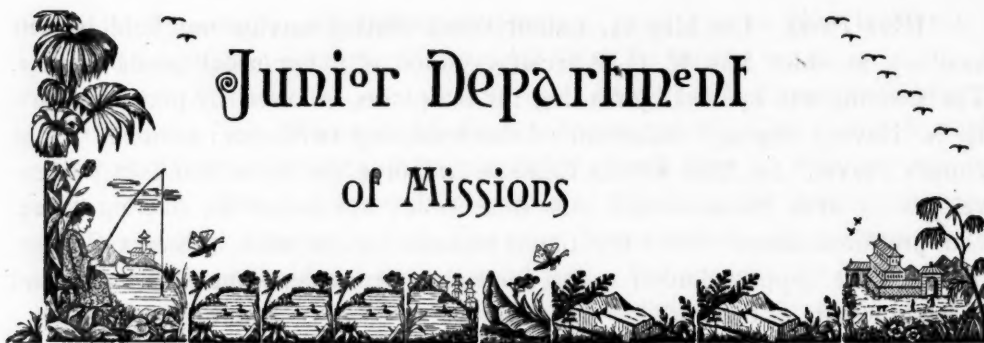
ASSISTANT.

West Paris. On May 24, a short thank-offering service was held by our auxiliary, at which Mrs. M. D. Wheeler presided with her usual gentle dignity. The meeting was opened by reading the Scriptures, followed by prayer by Mrs. E. A. Hayes; singing; collection of thank-offering envelopes; reading, "Aunt Zanie's Prayer," by Miss Bertha Emmons; reading the texts found in the envelopes by Miss Emmons and Mrs. Rose Cole; amount of the offering \$3.25. Our president closed with a few timely remarks on the work at Storer College, in which she happily alluded to the domestic science department as a new and valuable feature of the work.

EMILY A. HAYES.

MICHIGAN.—In response to the annual thank-offering invitations procured from Mrs. Clara E. Schwarz of Rhode Island, and issued by the W. M. S. of Batavia, for the meeting on Sunday evening, May 17, the F. B. church was filled to its utmost seating capacity. Beautiful floral tributes adorned the altar, chancel, and organ. The services were in charge of Bro. W. W. Deckard, pastor of the Batavia church, who, after the singing of a hymn, read the 96th Psalm and offered a fervent invocation of thanksgiving. The society, in concert, repeated the 100th Psalm. The president, Sister C. H. Austin, waived her address in lieu of an excellent dialogue, entitled, "The Foreign Missionary Locomotive," which was well presented by twenty-five persons. A fully equipped engine drawn on card-board was suspended on the wall facing the audience; small children appeared on the platform, each having a verse representing the different parts composing the engine. They then sang a beautiful hymn, after which several C. E. young ladies came on the stage, in costumes worn by the natives of the different benighted countries, with pleadings for the gospel light, closing with a missionary hymn, which was responded to by the little ones singing "To the Work." Another dialogue, "Aunt Polly Joins the Missionary Society," was effectively rendered by five young married ladies of the society. The order of exercises was wholly on the missionary plan, the choir furnishing excellent music. A small boy recited some gentle poetical hints in regard to "taking up the collection," and Pastor Deckard rounded out the well filled program with timely remarks, thus closing the successful sixth anniversary of tithe-giving of the W. M. S. auxiliary of Batavia church, as the tithes amounted to \$8.70, a larger sum than taken up for the past two or three years. MRS. E. C. MINTLINE, *Cor.Sec.*

THE influence of the medical missionary is illustrated by one in southern China, who, when he first went there and began his work of healing, was called a "foreign devil." Now he is known as "the angelic healer from beyond the seas." Through his medical art he has won his way into the confidence and affection of the people.



ONLY A MITE BOX.

[Recitation for a little girl or boy with mite box in hand.]

It is only a mite box, yet handle with care;
Weave round it a setting of faith and of prayer;
Then cast in thy offering, though small it may be;
If pure is thy motive, thy Saviour will see.

'Tis only a mite box, not much will it hold—
Some pennies and nickels, but not often gold;
Yet Jesus will add his own blessing, I know,
As forth on its mission of love it shall go.

Though only a mite box, a power it shall be
In scattering the leaves of the world-healing tree;
And O, what a song at the harvest we'll sing
With those who are singing to-day with our King!

Then guard well the mite box, and gather with prayer
The crumbs that lie scattered about here and there;
Like stars they will shine in thy crown by and by;
When thou shalt have entered thy home in the sky.

—*H. M. Echo, in Heathen Children's Friend.*

BIMBLY, THE LETTER CARRIER.

[Letter from Mr. Wyman to the A. C. F. Society of Dover and Foxcroft, Me.]

MOHAMMEDNAGGAR, INDIA.

DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE :—

I like to write to young people, perhaps for the reason that I am young myself, also for the reason that they never have so much work to do but that they can answer my letters. Now I assure you that letters are a great treat to missionaries in India. We watch anxiously every week on the day that the mail will arrive from America, and we know when the woman who brings our mail from the post-office seven miles away is coming up the road in front of our queer little straw-roofed house.

A very peculiar woman is Bimbly, our woman letter carrier. Every day, rain or shine, she comes on a half-run up the road, her white umbrella over her head, and her loose clothing streaming in the breeze. She knows what we are anxious about, and when she gets in sight of the house she begins to shout how many letters she has brought. Poor woman. She is just a little bit crazy. She used to be a handsome girl once, but a man professed to love her and took her to his home and called her his wife. When she grew older and the beauty faded he told her one day that she must go and find work somewhere, for he was going to marry, and he could not support two women. It was a dark day for Bimbly, and to this day the darkness has remained in the poor little brain. Her heart did not break, but the mind gave way and Bimbly lived. She has never loved anyone else, and says she knows that some time the man will call her back. It sounds very strange to you young people, I know, but one does not live long in India before he knows that such fearful sins are happening every day and every hour in the day about him.

Right in front of me, as I am writing, is a picture that I know that you would all like to see. It is our church. Perhaps the old Quaker word, "meeting-house," would apply better, in this case, for it looks like no church I ever saw before. The walls are about eight feet high, and the roof projects out over them until it comes so low to the ground that it knocks off my big sunhat every time I go under it. The building is about eighty feet long and forty wide. The roof is made of straw over a network of bamboo rafters. The roofing of straw is about a foot thick. Inside the church it makes me think of the Tabernacle at Ocean Park.

My wife has just come from the church, where she has been fixing up a room to entertain Mr. Ager, who is coming to make us a visit. We have no "spare room," and so have to put our company in the church. She found a fresh snake-skin inside the room, which one of the people says is only a day old, and used to belong to a cobra. We have a few of these bad neighbors.

Well, to continue about the building, the pews are very strange affairs indeed. They have backs but no seats, for the people all sit on the floor or lean against the rail that is about a foot high from the ground. We have some good meetings in this strange little house, however, and we never once doubt but that this is a church, for the Lord meets with us to bless us; and, though the prayers and songs come from darker lips than ours, yet the true ring of piety is not to be mistaken, and the Holy Spirit shines out from those dark faces just as sweetly as it used to in the faces of the dear old saints of our prayer-meeting at home. Dear young friends, rest assured that no prayer or gift of yours is permitted to lie unblessed on "His" Indian altar. Your brother in Christ,

HERBERT E. WYMAN.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Miss Emilie E. Barnes's salary—shares \$4 each.

| | |
|---|----------|
| Children's Mission Band, Campbell Hill, Ill. | 2 shares |
| "The Little Helpers," Nashville Center, Minn. | 2 shares |
| "Cheerful Workers," Nashville Center, Minn. | 2 shares |
| Juniors of Elmwood church, Providence, R. I. | 1 share |
| "Cheerful Givers," Scranton Ave. church, Cleveland, O. | 2 shares |
| Children's Band, Mason, Mich. | 1 share |
| Infant Class, Main St., F. B. S. S., Lewiston, Me. | 1 share |
| Junior A. F. C. E., Portsmouth, N. H. | 1 share |
| Class No. 5, Winter St., F. B. S. S., Haverhill, Mass. | 1 share |
| S. S. Paw Paw, Mich. | 1 share |
| S. S. West Farmington, Me. | 1 share |
| Class No. 8 F. B. S. S., Dover and Foxcroft, Me. | 1 share |
| Mrs. Mira H. Brayton, Park Street church, Providence, R. I. | 1 share |
| Two primary classes, F. B. S. S., Greene, Me. | 1 share |
| 'Emilie Barnes Mission Band," Kingston, Mich. | 1 share |
| Irving E. Dennis, Monticello, Wis. | 1 share |
| Infant S. S. class, Scarboro, Me. | 1 share |
| Junior A. F. C. E., Gonic, N. H. | 1 share |
| Mission Band, Amesbury, Mass. | 1 share |
| Friend in Maine (for children who cannot own a share) | 1 share |
| "Willing Workers," North Lebanon, Me. | 1 share |
| Mission Band, Highland church, Michigan | 1 share |
| F. B. Mission Band, Manton, Mich. | 1 share |
| Juvenile Mission Band, Highland, Mich. | 1 share |
| Junior A. C. F., Rochester, N. H. | 3 shares |
| Junior A. C. F., Melrose Highlands, Mass. | 1 share |
| Junior C. E., Poland, N. Y. | 1 share |
| Portland, Me., 1st F. B. church, Junior Endeavor Band | 2 shares |
| Thorndike, Me., S. S. | 1 share |
| So. Parsonsfield, Me., S. S. | 1 share |
| So. Parsonsfield children | 1 share |
| 1st Brunswick S. S. | 1 share |
| Alton, N. H., Junior A. C. F. | 1 share |
| Junior A. C. F., Murphysboro, Ill. | 1 share |
| Primary Dept, Pine St. S. S., Lewiston, Me. | 1 share |
| Valley Springs Mission Band, S. D. | 1 share |

A SUCCESSFUL JUNIOR MEETING.

MURPHYSBORO, ILL., June 25.

DEAR JUNIORS:—We thought we would write you about the beautiful missionary program that was given for the children in the May number of the MISSIONARY HELPER.

Our Junior A. C. F. carried out the program very effectively, and had in addition the "White Flag Drill," which was lovely, and which the children liked very much.

Our large church was well filled, and all seemed interested, and I think they

had a real missionary lesson taught them; one which enlightened and aroused many in mission work and made them realize their duty more plainly than ever, and that the last and great commission given us by our dear Saviour was, "Go ye into all the world and preach my Gospel to every creature."

In Jesus' name,

JUNIOR A. C. F.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

THAT the HELPER is appreciated by recently acquired readers is shown by a lady asking for sample copies to give to friends, expecting thereby to secure subscriptions. This is the first year she has taken the magazine, and she enjoys it so much she wishes to commend it to others.

So many expressions have been received of the pleasure *new* readers find in the HELPER that it is a real encouragement in securing new subscribers.

The summer assemblies and other gatherings of our people offer good opportunities for bringing the magazine to the attention of some who are unacquainted with it. While the presentation of HELPER interests in public meetings should not be omitted, this should be supplemented by personal solicitation. These suggestions faithfully carried out would result in adding materially to our subscription list during the summer months.

Contributions.

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Receipts for June, 1896.

| MAINE. | | |
|--|---------|--|
| Brunswick 1st F. B. ch. W. M. S. (T. O.) for | | |
| Widows' Home Mid. | \$5.00 | |
| Brunswick Village aux. Miss Coombs | 10.06 | |
| Charleston aux. Miss Coombs | 5.00 | |
| Corinna Mrs. J. V. Noble | 1.00 | |
| Cumberland Q. M. col. Miss Baker's salary . | 8.00 | |
| Dover Mrs. Eunice Bridges | .25 | |
| Dover Mrs. A. M. Everett | 1.00 | |
| Dover and Foxcroft aux. | 4.45 | |
| Ellsworth Q. M. for "Carrie" with Mrs. | | |
| Burkholder | 7.50 | |
| Exeter Q. M. W. M. S. to make Emeline L. | | |
| Tasker L. M. of Me. F. B. W. M. S. . . . | 10.00 | |
| Fort Fairfield aux. T. O. and balance of L. | | |
| M. of Mrs. Flora Thurlough | 11.00 | |
| Gray ch. for Mid. work | 1.00 | |
| La Grange ch. | 2.25 | |
| Limerick aux. T. O. | 4.75 | |
| Lisbon Falls F. B. W. M. S. | 5.00 | |
| Milo aux. | 3.00 | |
| Prospect and Unity Q. M. W. M. S. | \$13.00 | |
| Presque Isle F. B. W. M. S. for Jessie T. O. | | |
| \$7 | 13.00 | |
| Richmond W. M. S. | 2.13 | |
| Ross Corner F. B. ch. | 3.39 | |
| Ross Corner F. B. ch. T. O. | 2.58 | |
| So. Berwick aux. T. O. | 6.00 | |
| So. Dover S. S. T. O. | 1.00 | |
| So. Dover S. S. | 1.50 | |
| So. Dover Mrs. Betsy Crommett | 1.00 | |
| So. Dover Mrs. Eliza Z. Lambert | 1.00 | |
| So. Limington aux. for Callie Weeks in India | | |
| and on L. M. of gen. soc. of Mrs. J. M. | | |
| Hopkinson | 10.00 | |
| Sprague's Mills F. B. S. S. for Elloise in S. O. | 25.00 | |
| Sebec Hannah Livermore | 1.00 | |
| Sebec Q. M. col. for L. M. of Me. soc. of Mrs. | | |
| Myra Kinney of Atkinson | 10.00 | |
| Topsham ch. T. O. | 10.00 | |
| West Bowdoin ch. Miss Coombs \$14, T. O. | | |
| \$10.30 | 24.30 | |

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| West Paris W. M. aux. T. O. for S. O. . . . | \$3.25 |
| West Peru F. B. ch. | 4.00 |

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

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|---|-------|
| Alton aux. T. O. \$15.60 | 25.25 |
| Carroll ch. T. O. | 3.30 |
| Dover Wash. St. ch. | 5.20 |
| Dover Wash. St. ch. T. O. | 5.00 |
| Epsom ch. \$7.55 T. O. \$12.45 | 20.00 |
| E. Rochester Junior A. C. F. Miss Barnes . | 1.00 |
| Farmington ch. | 5.00 |
| Farmington Child. Band for Harriet Adams in S. O. | 20.00 |
| Franklin Falls W. M. S. aux. \$2 T. O. \$14.02 | 16.02 |
| Gonic aux. T. O. \$13.68 | 17.11 |
| Gonic Junior A. C. F. | 1.00 |
| Gilmanton I. Works Miss. Soc. | 5.00 |
| Lakeport ch. and aux. T. O. | 26.00 |
| Littleton F. B. aux. | 14.45 |
| Loudon Center ch. | 12.00 |
| Meredith Village T. O. | 5.22 |
| Meredith Village aux. | 7.68 |
| Milton ch. T. O. | 3.30 |
| New Durham Q. M. total col. \$6.89 paid for Q. M. expenses \$2.82 | 4.07 |
| New Durham aux. for Misses Butts and Baker | 5.25 |
| New Hampton Y. Ladies Miss. Soc. | 11.50 |
| Newmarket aux. for F. M. T. O. \$6.50 | 22.54 |
| North Nottingham aux. | 10.00 |
| Northwood Ridge aux. Miss Butts \$10 zenana work \$10 | 20.00 |
| Rochester aux. for '95 Balasore school | 3.84 |
| Rockingham Q. M. sale of pin-cushion | 1.60 |
| Strafford Bow Lake T. O. | 12.00 |
| Strafford Corner aux. Miss B. and Mrs. L. | 8.00 |
| Tamworth I. Works ch. | 7.50 |
| Walnut Grove for Miss Butts and Mrs. L. | 5.50 |
| West Lebanon aux. | 9.00 |
| Whitefield | 6.50 |
| Yearly Meeting col. | 12.36 |

VERMONT.

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|---|-------|
| Second Corinth ch. | 6.00 |
| East Orange ch. | 1.00 |
| East Williamstown | 12.00 |
| Enosburgh Falls for Mrs. Smith's salary | 8.00 |
| Enosburgh Falls Junior C. E. Soc. | 2.00 |
| Huntington Q. M. col. | 3.60 |
| No. Danville F. B. ch. Miss. Soc. | 5.00 |
| So. Strafford aux. for Mrs. S. | 7.00 |
| Starksboro ch. | 10.40 |
| Q. M. col. | 3.63 |

MASSACHUSETTS.

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| Boston ch. T. O. | 10.52 |
| Haverhill T. O. L. M. in W. M. S. of Mrs. Mary A. Crosby | 20.00 |
| Haverhill T. O. in part to constitute Mrs. L. B. Twitchell L. M. of W. M. S. | 11.88 |
| Lowell Mr. Vernon aux. for Domestic Science Dept. in Storer College | 3.50 |
| Somerville W. M. S. T. O. | 20.00 |
| Whitman W. M. S. T. O. | 4.64 |

CONNECTICUT.

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|---|------|
| Durham Mrs. H. A. Griffin T. O. | 5.00 |
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CORRECTION.—Credit of \$12.75 to Brainard, Minn., aux., in May receipts, should have been Westford aux

NEW YORK.

| | |
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| Poland W. M. S. T. O. | \$8.50 |
| Poland W. M. S. F. M. \$5 50 H. M. \$3 \$11.50 membership fees | 20.00 |

PENNSYLVANIA.

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|-------------------------------|------|
| Gibson Q. M. W. M. S. | 7.22 |
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ILLINOIS.

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|---|------|
| Ava ch. T. O. | 5.03 |
| Ava Miss. Band T. O. | 1.70 |
| Campbell Hill ch. T. O. | 6.52 |
| Campbell Hill Miss. Band T. O. | 1.00 |
| Murphysboro Junior A. C. F. Miss Barnes . | 2.50 |

MICHIGAN.

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| Onsted W. M. S. T. O. | 12.00 |
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WISCONSIN.

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| Honey Creek aux. T. O. | 2.00 |
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MINNESOTA.

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| Castle Rock aux. S. O. | 9.50 |
| Crystal ch. T. O. | 2.30 |
| Delevan F. B. ch. T. O. | 3.60 |
| Huntley W. M. S. T. O. | 12.30 |
| Minneapolis L. P. Ingham | 15.00 |
| Nashville Center T. O. | 4.20 |
| Nashville Center Storer College | 4.20 |
| Winnebago Q. M. col. | 9.85 |
| Winona T. O. | 4.04 |
| Winona S. S. birthday box | 8.62 |

IOWA.

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|---|-------|
| Aurora aux. | 4.05 |
| Aurora Abbie Miller | 1.00 |
| Black Hawk and Buchanan Q. M. W. M. S. . | 3.29 |
| Bryantburgh T. O. | 1.00 |
| Campton aux. | 2.00 |
| Delaware and Clayton Q. M. W. M. S. . . | 1.00 |
| De War Mr. and Mrs. I. McElroy | 2.00 |
| De War Mr. W. Garret T. O. | 1.00 |
| Dunkerton F. A. Decker T. O. | 1.00 |
| Ellington ch. | 1.50 |
| Lamont aux. | 3.75 |
| Spencer aux. T. O. | 21.37 |
| Van Wert Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Brown T. O. . | 2.00 |

KANSAS.

| | |
|---|------|
| Cloud and Republic Q. M. W. M. S. | 1.00 |
| Horton aux. T. O. | 2.82 |
| Salem Q. M. aux. | 4.08 |

NEBRASKA.

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| Nemaha River Q. M. | 5.20 |
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SOUTH DAKOTA.

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| Sioux Falls 1st F. B. S. S. for Sula | 11.50 |
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OREGON.

| | |
|--|------|
| Portland Station B. Mrs. L. J. Rideout T. O. . | 1.00 |
|--|------|

Total \$891.95

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, Treas.

Dover, N. H.

per EDYTH R. PORTER, Asst. Treas.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I GIVE and bequeath the sum of ——— to the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, a corporation of the state of Maine.